

DOOMSDAY CLOCK
No. 7 of 12



DOOMSDAY CLOCK



NOVEMBER 2018



DOOMSDAY CLOCK 7

November, 2018. Published monthly by DC Comics, 2900 W. Alameda Avenue, Burbank, CA 91505. GST # is R125921072. Copyright © 2018 DC Comics. All Rights Reserved. All characters featured in this issue, the distinctive likenesses thereof and related elements are trademarks of DC Comics. The stories, characters and incidents mentioned in this magazine are entirely fictional. DC Comics does not read or accept unsolicited submissions of ideas, stories or artwork. For Advertising and Custom Publishing contact dccomicsadvertising@dccomics.com. For details on DC Comics Ratings, visit dccomics.com/go/ratings.

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By special arrangement with the Jerry Siegel family.

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IT'S JULY 16TH, 1940. A YOUNG ENGINEER NAMED ALAN SCOTT IS RIDING A TRAIN OVER A BRIDGE WHEN IT COLLAPSES.

HE MIRACULOUSLY SURVIVES BY CLUTCHING ONTO A GREEN LANTERN.

IT'S NOVEMBER 22ND, 1940. ALAN IS SITTING AT A ROUND TABLE WEARING A MASK, WAITING TO SEE WHO WILL SPEAK FIRST.

IT'S JANUARY 8TH, 1950. ALAN TESTIFIES BEFORE THE HOUSE UN-AMERICAN ACTIVITIES COMMITTEE. HE REFUSES TO IMPLICATE ANYONE IN HIS EMPLOY.

IT'S JULY 16TH, 1940. A YOUNG ENGINEER NAMED ALAN SCOTT IS RIDING A TRAIN OVER A BRIDGE WHEN IT COLLAPSES.

I MOVE THE LANTERN SIX INCHES OUT OF HIS REACH.

ALAN SCOTT DIES WHEN THE BRIDGE FALLS.

HE LEAVES BEHIND NO FAMILY.

IT'S JULY IN THE YEAR 960. THE SONG DYNASTY IS BORN.

IN OCTOBER, A GREEN STAR FALLS OUT OF THE SKY.

A HOPEFUL MYSTIC APPROACHES THE EMERALD METAL.

HE CLAIMS TO HEAR A VOICE WITHIN IT.

THREE TIMES SHALL I FLAME GREEN! THE FIRST...TO BRING DEATH!

THE SECOND...TO BRING LIFE!

THE THIRD...TO BRING POWER!

THAT NIGHT, THE MAN FORGES THE STRANGE METAL INTO A LAMP.

TWO HOURS LATER, TERRIFIED VILLAGERS SPLIT HIS SKULL OPEN WITH IT. A PLAGUE FOLLOWS HIS DEATH.

IT'S APRIL, 1940. IN GOTHAM, MENTAL PATIENT EDWARD BILLINGS IS GIVEN THE LAMP BY A GUARD. IN THE METAL SHOP, BILLINGS REWORKS IT INTO A LANTERN.

IT'S MAY. EDWARD IS DEEMED CURED AND WALKS FREE, READY TO START HIS LIFE ANEW. HE SELLS THE LANTERN.

IT'S JUNE. THE LANTERN FINDS ITS WAY ONTO A TRAIN.

IT'S JULY. THE LANTERN IS RECOVERED FROM THE TRAIN WRECK THAT TOOK ALAN SCOTT'S LIFE.

IT'S JANUARY, 1950. I AM STANDING ON ALAN SCOTT'S GRAVE.

IT'S NOVEMBER, 1940. MY FINGERS DRAW LINES IN THE DUST ON AN EMPTY ROUND TABLE.

LAST DECEMBER, THE LANTERN IS DISCARDED INTO A SCRAP HEAP.

TWO HOURS AGO, JOHNNY THUNDER FINDS THE LANTERN IN A BURNED-OUT FACTORY.

ONE HUNDRED AND FORTY-FIVE MINUTES FROM NOW, THE LANTERN'S GREEN FIRE ERUPTS WITH POWER.

SEVENTEEN MINUTES LATER, I STEP OFF A CHECKERBOARD FLOOR AND ONTO THE SURFACE OF MARS.

ONE MONTH INTO MY FUTURE... I SEE NOTHING.





FORGET ABOUT HIS EYES, ANDERSON. IF HE WANTED TO, POZHAR COULD INCINERATE A SMALL COUNTRY.

THAT'S WHY GEO-FORCE IS PLAYING NICE WITH PUTIN'S FAVORITE FREAK.

SINCE WHEN HAS PRINCE MARKOV EVER PLAYED NICE?



HIS METAHUMANS HAVE BROKEN **EVERY** HUMAN RIGHTS LAW ON THE LIST **IRONICALLY** PROTECTING THEIR BORDERS FROM "OUTSIDERS."

HUNDREDS OF REFUGEES ENTERED MARKOVIA LAST WEEK AND VANISHED WITHOUT A TRACE. EXPLAIN THAT.



...GROWING PROTESTS OVER **BIG MONSTER ACTION'S** DOMESTICATION OF JAPAN'S **KAIJU**.

EARLIER THIS WEEK, THE CITY OF OTARU WAS ATTACKED BY A "FIRE TROLL" WHO ESCAPED DURING A TRAINING EXERCISE.



DOZENS OF CITIZENS WERE INJURED BEFORE THE CREATURE COULD BE CONTAINED.



...ON THE STREETS OF CALCUTTA WHERE CHILDREN HAVE BEEN LIBERATED FROM HUMAN TRAFFICKERS BY INDIA'S METAHUMAN ORGANIZATION, **THE DOOMED**.

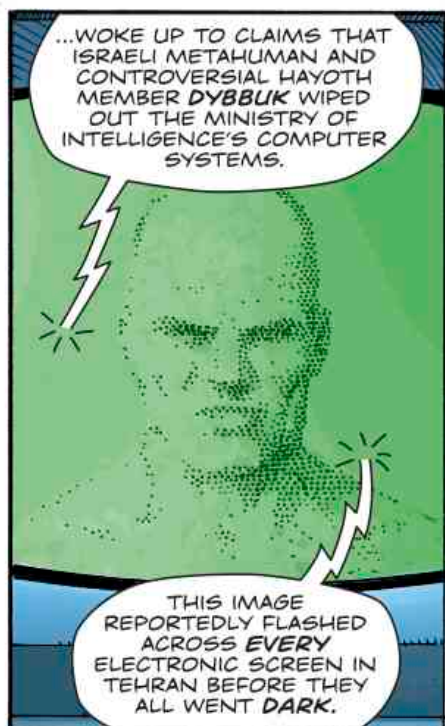


AMONG THESE METAHUMANS IS FORMER DOOM PATROL ADVERSARY THE **ANIMAL-VEGETABLE-MINERAL MAN**, WHO HAS BEEN ACCUSED OF...

...THIS CAN'T BE RIGHT...

YAY!!

"EATING THE HUMAN TRAFFICKERS"? WHAT THE HELL ARE YOU FEEDING ME, LARRY?



...WOKE UP TO CLAIMS THAT ISRAELI METAHUMAN AND CONTROVERSIAL HAYOTH MEMBER **DYBBUK** WIPED OUT THE MINISTRY OF INTELLIGENCE'S COMPUTER SYSTEMS.

THIS IMAGE REPORTEDLY FLASHED ACROSS **EVERY** ELECTRONIC SCREEN IN TEHRAN BEFORE THEY ALL WENT DARK.



...PRESIDENT XI JINPING'S **DREAMS** WERE INVADDED LAST NIGHT BY GOVERNMENT-SPONSORED AUSTRALIAN METAHUMANS. HE WAS INTERROGATED AND TORTURED BY A **BEASTLY CREATURE**...

DO YOU HAVE PROOF OF THIS, AMBASSADOR?

HOW DO WE KNOW IT WASN'T JUST A NIGHTMARE?

AUSTRALIA IS DENYING THE ACCUSATIONS.



I TOLD YOU, DUDE, I HAVE **NO COMMENT!**

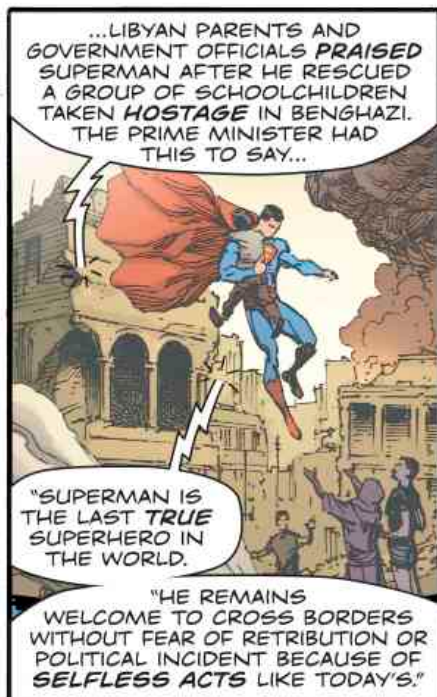
WHETHER **TYPHOON** WAS PART OF THIS **FAKE NEWS THEORY** OR NOT, I DON'T KNOW AND I DON'T GIVE A SHIT, ALL RIGHT?

NOW STOP FOLLOWING ME AROUND!



BLIND SPOT









BECAUSE IF
I DON'T SEE A
SMILE, I CAN
MAKE ONE!

EYES UP
HERE!



THERE
WE GO.

HI THERE,
HANDSOME!



...THE
HELL...
AM I?



I CALL IT MY FUN HOUSE!
THE JOKER CAVE! LE PIÈCE
DE RÉSISTANCE!

YOU CAUSED QUITE
A STIR AMONG MY BRETHREN,
YOU HALF-SMILING FOOL, YOU.
BUT I GIVE YOU FIVE GOLD
STARS FOR THAT SHOT TO
EDDIE NYGMA.

RIDDLE ME
THIS! WHAT'S
GREEN, RED
AND MISSING A
KNEECAP?!

HAHAHAHAHA!

THERE'S
SO MANY
TO CHOOSE
FROM.



DON'T BE
SHY, MY
DEAR!

MY HOME
IS YOURS!

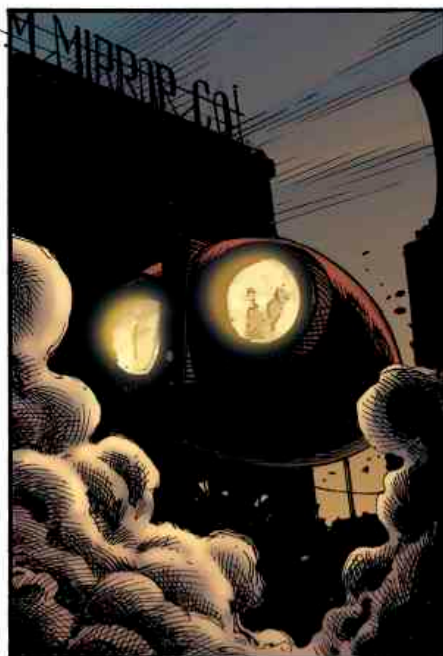


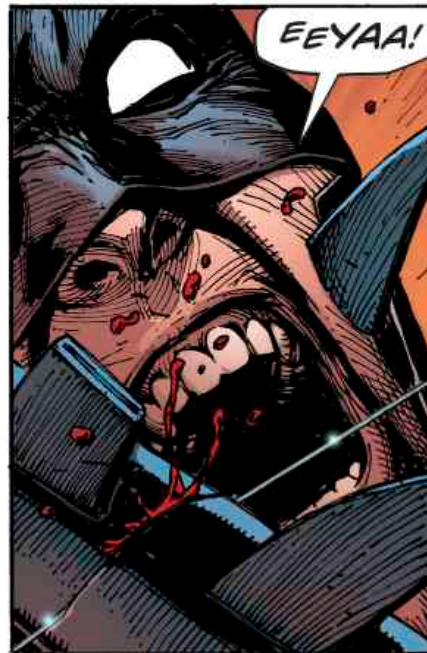
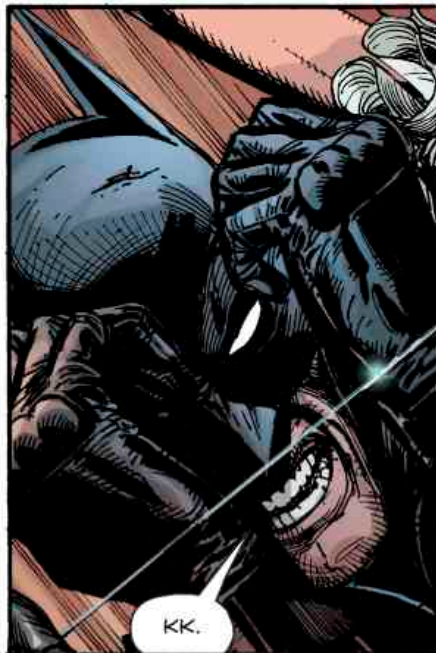
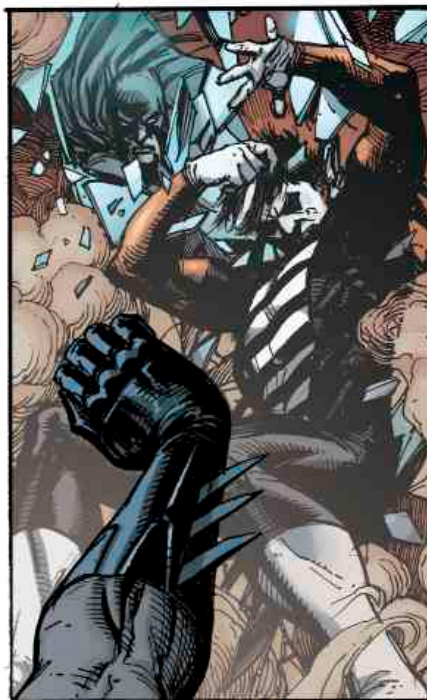
LET'S
HAVE
SOME
FUN.

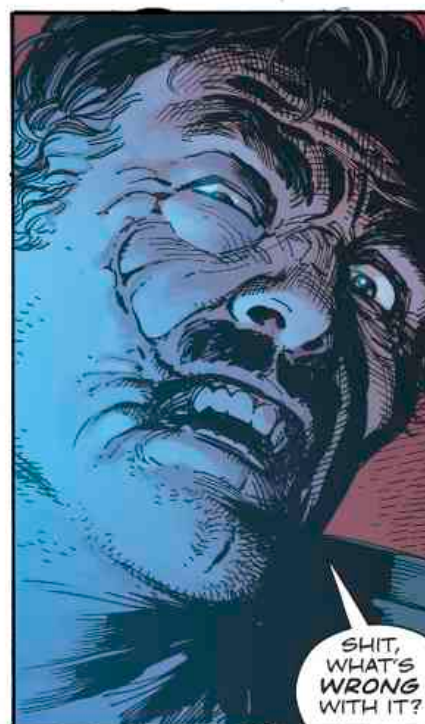














BUBASTIS SEES
JON'S TEMPORAL
FINGERPRINTS.

ON THIS
LANTERN.

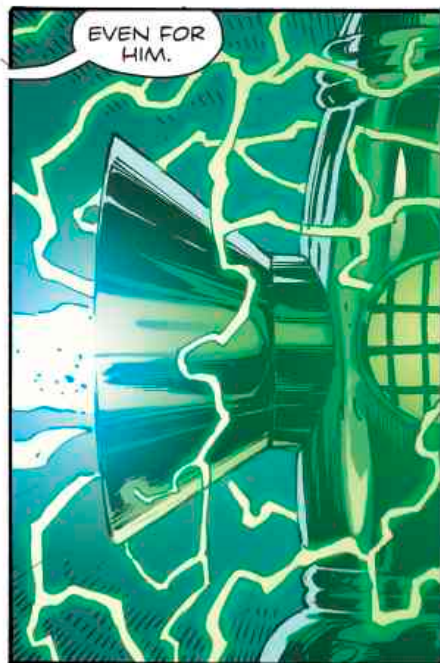
AND
ON YOU,
EDWARD.



AS SHE
FEEDS, JON
SHOULD FEEL
A STRONG PULL
TO HER. NOT
UNLIKE A
MAGNET.



AND TO DENY
IT WILL PROVE
PAINFUL.



EVEN FOR
HIM.



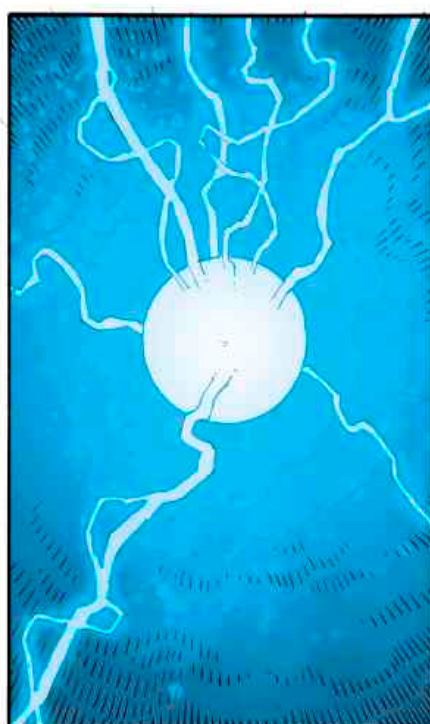
WHERE
ARE YOU,
JON?



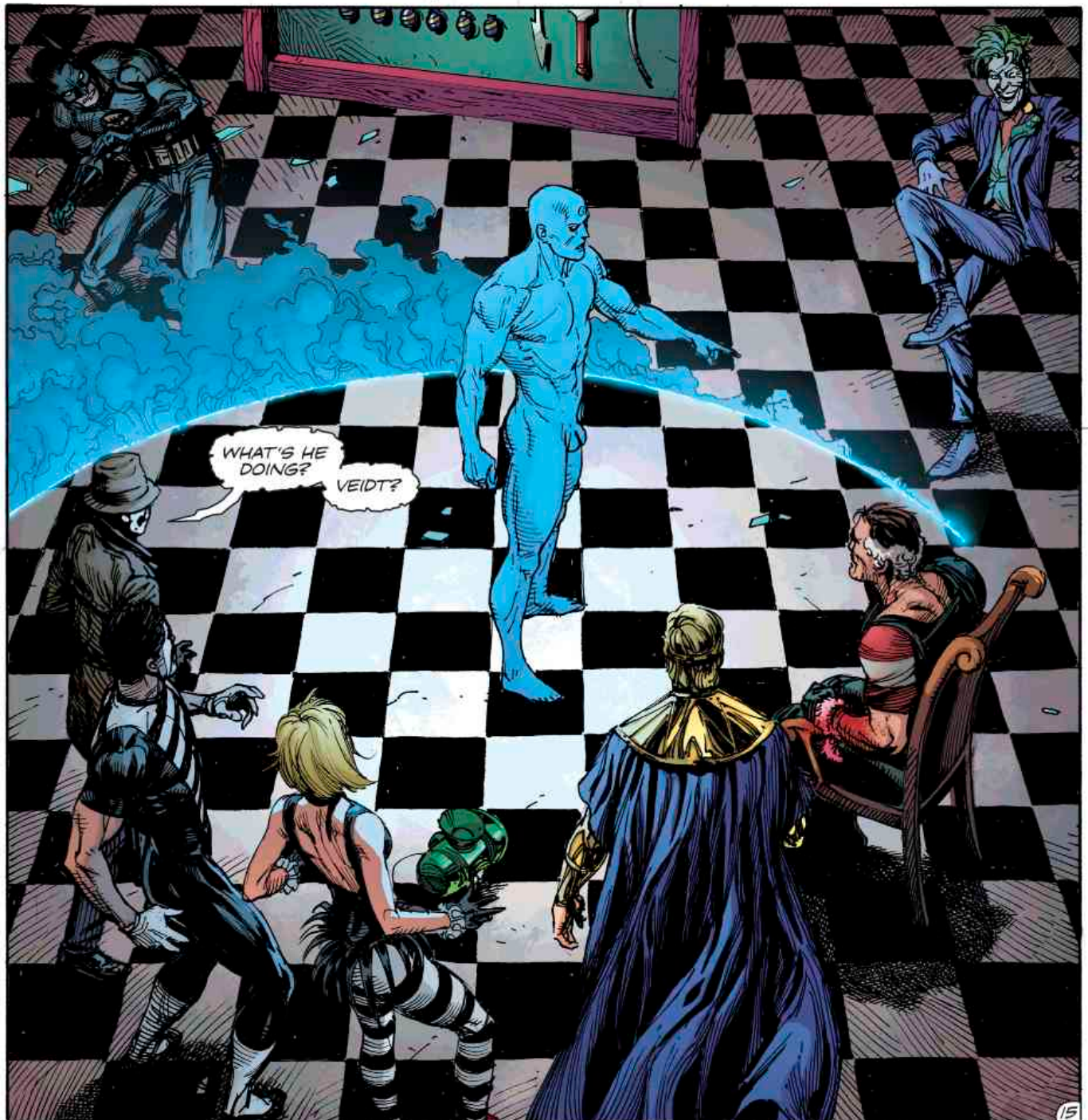
SHOW
YOURSELF!



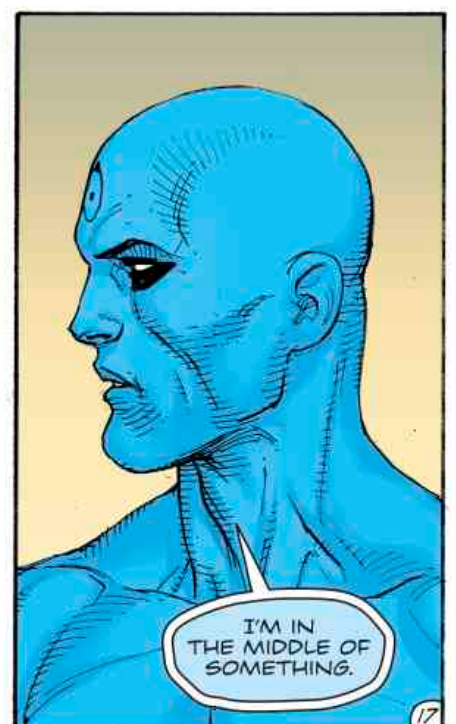
I CAN MAKE
THIS HURT
MORE THAN
IT DOES!



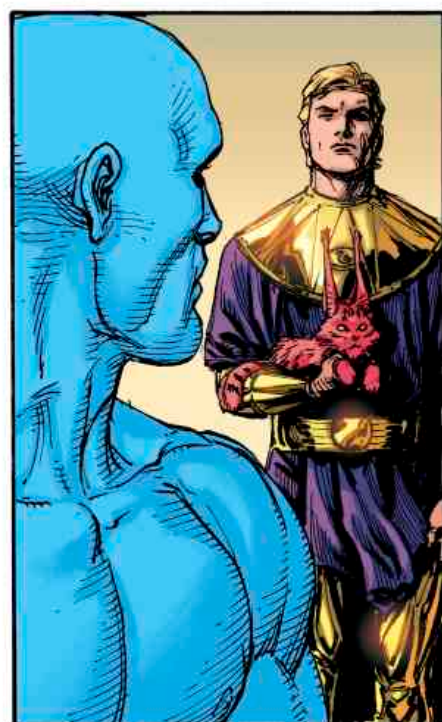














LET ME TALK TO JON, RORSCHACH. HE'S ONLY CONFUSING YOU.

NO, I...



YOU HAVE CANCER.

RORSCHACH, HOLD ON...



YOU HAVE CANCER!



AS WE HOVER HERE, YOU TELL HIM THE TRUTH, ADRIAN.

BECAUSE YOU KNOW I WILL.



I DON'T HAVE CANCER. I NEVER DID.

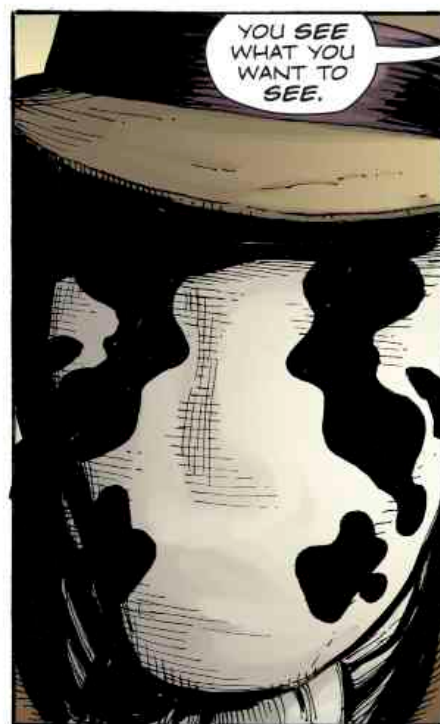
WHU...? WHY WOULD YOU...LIE...

BECAUSE I NEEDED YOUR HELP.

DON'T UNDERSTAND.



OH, REGGIE.



YOU SEE WHAT YOU WANT TO SEE.



"AND WHAT YOU WANTED TO SEE, WHAT YOU NEEDED TO, WAS THAT THE MAN RESPONSIBLE FOR THE DEATH OF YOUR PARENTS AND THE MADNESS THAT AFFLICTED YOU WAS OVERCOME WITH REGRET AND REMORSE.

"I KNEW EVERYTHING ABOUT YOU BEFORE YOU STEPPED A FOOT INTO THAT ROOM.

"AND I NEEDED SOMEONE LIKE YOU, REGGIE."



STOP CALLING ME REGGIE.

I AM RORSCHACH!



RORSCHACH?
PLEASE.

YOU SAW
WHAT YOU
WANTED TO
SEE WITH
RORSCHACH,
TOO.



YOU BELIEVED YOU
WERE TAKING UP
THE MASK OF A
FRIEND OF YOUR
FATHER'S.



"BUT WALTER KOVACS
WAS NEVER YOUR
FATHER'S FRIEND.



"IF BYRON
LEWIS
HADN'T
KEPT MOST
OF YOUR
FATHER'S
NOTES
FROM YOU,
YOU
WOULD'VE
SEEN THAT.



"BYRON WAS TRYING
TO PROTECT YOU
FROM THE TRUTH: THAT
RORSCHACH BROKE
DOWN YOUR FATHER'S
UNDYING POSITIVITY
AND LEFT HIM A SHELL
OF THE MAN HE WAS.



"HIS RELATIONSHIP
WITH YOUR MOTHER
DETERIORATED INTO
NOTHINGNESS.

"SHE LEFT
HIM, REGGIE.



YOUR MOTHER AND
FATHER DID NOT DIE
IN A LOVING
EMBRACE.

THEY DIED
DESPISING ONE
ANOTHER.

ALONE.

NO.
NO.



IS IT
TRUE?



IS IT?

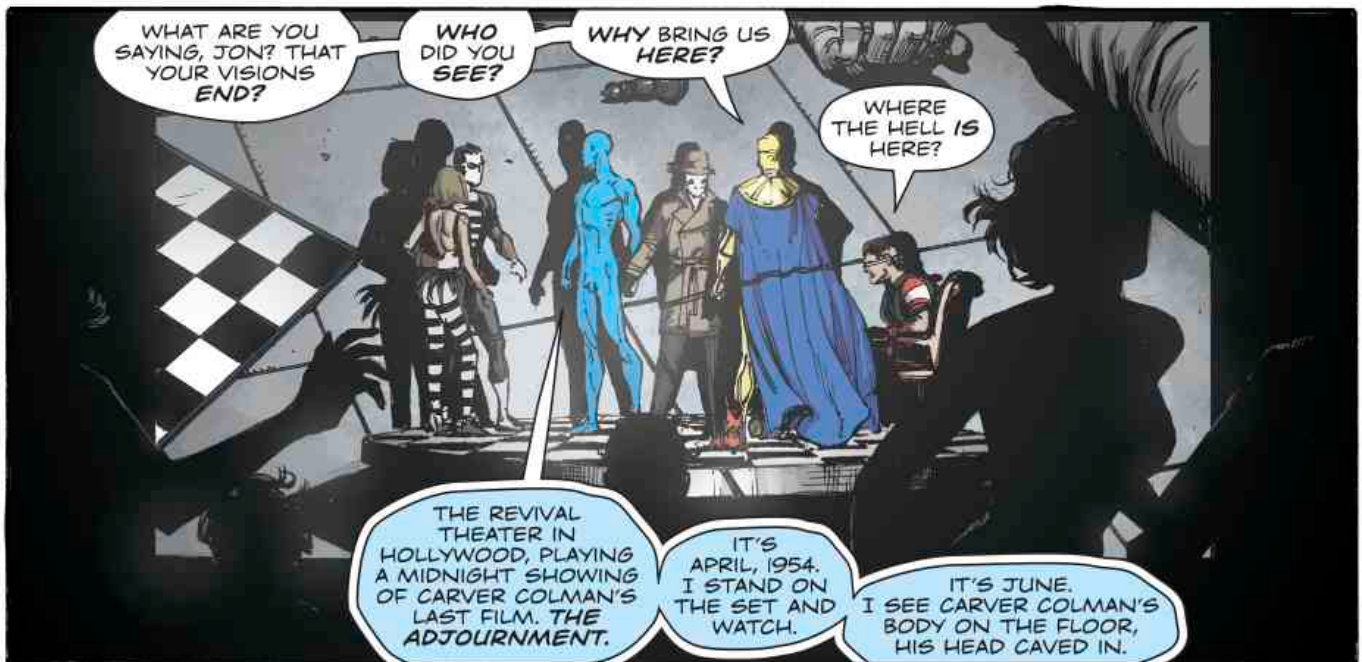
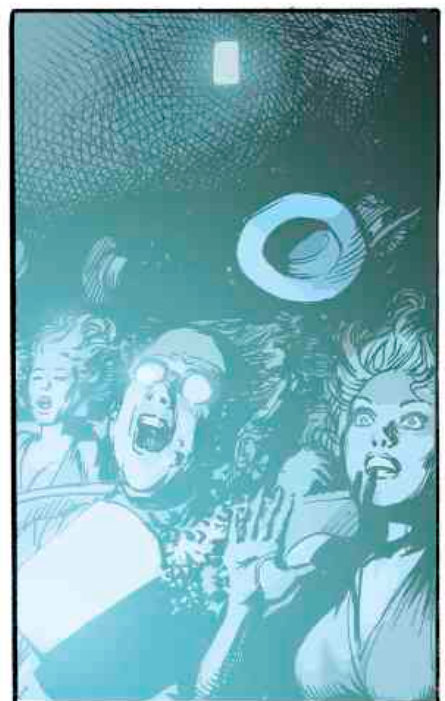




"TWO MEN WERE PLAYING A GAME OF CHESS."



BOTH WERE SHOT AND KILLED BEFORE THE GAME WAS FINISHED.



WHAT ARE YOU SAYING, JON? THAT YOUR VISIONS END?

WHO DID YOU SEE?

WHY BRING US HERE?

WHERE THE HELL IS HERE?

THE REVIVAL THEATER IN HOLLYWOOD, PLAYING A MIDNIGHT SHOWING OF CARVER COLMAN'S LAST FILM. *THE ADJOURNMENT*.

IT'S APRIL, 1954. I STAND ON THE SET AND WATCH.

IT'S JUNE. I SEE CARVER COLMAN'S BODY ON THE FLOOR, HIS HEAD CAVED IN.



CARVER COLMAN WAS ONCE FULL OF HOPE, TOO.



BUT I WAS WRONG, ADRIAN.

EVERYTHING ENDS.



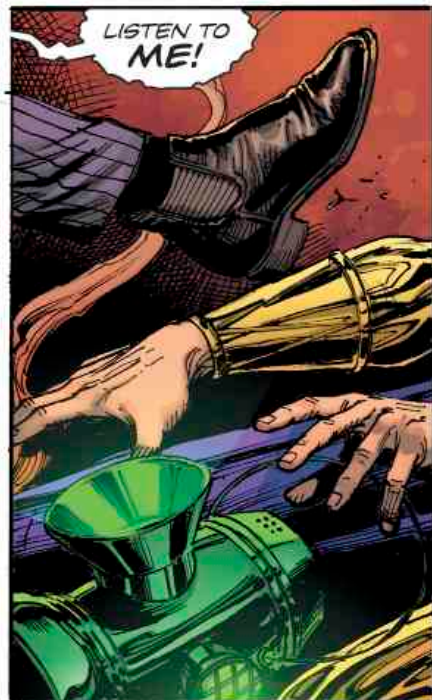
WHAT'S THIS HAVE TO DO WITH ANYTHING, JON?



WE'VE TALKED ENOUGH.

GOOD-BYE.

JON, WAI...





HUSH
NOW.
DADDY'S
SPEAKING!



I SHOULD
HAVE DONE
THIS MONTHS
AGO.



KILL
YOU.



A LITTLE
CONSTRUCTIVE
CRITICISM, IF
I MAY...



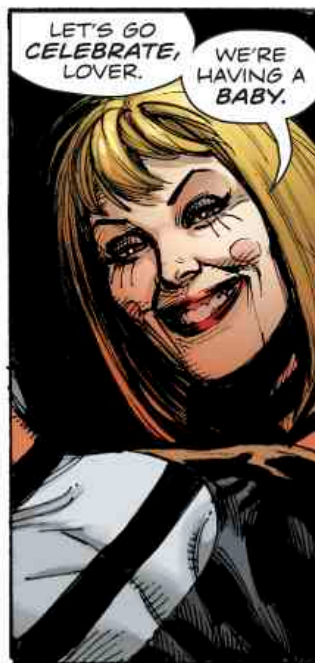
TOUCH...



DON'T
TOUCH
ME!

GET THE
FREAK!

WE'RE
NOT DONE
WITH YOU,
BLAKE.



LET'S GO
CELEBRATE,
LOVER.

WE'RE
HAVING A
BABY.



HEH...
HA HO...
HEH...

DID YOU
ENJOY IT AS
MUH-MUCH AS
I DUH-DID?



DEAD.



RORSCHACH IS
DEAD.



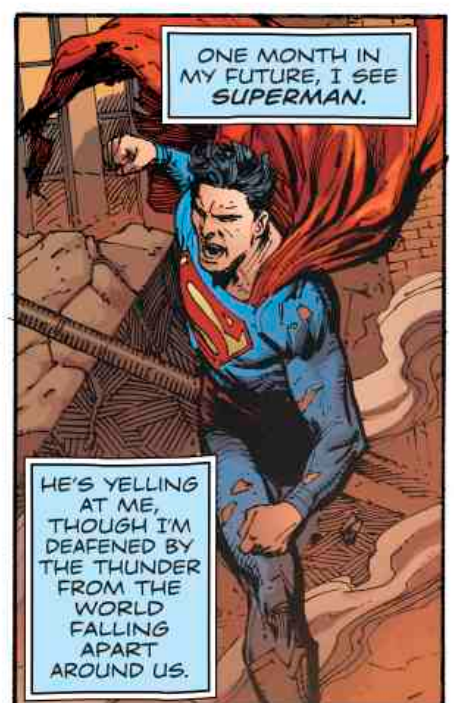




I STEP OFF A
CHECKERBOARD FLOOR
AND ONTO THE
SURFACE OF MARS.



I'M OVERCOME WITH CURIOSITY
FOR THE FIRST TIME SINCE 1959.



ONE MONTH IN
MY FUTURE, I SEE
SUPERMAN.

HE'S YELLING
AT ME,
THOUGH I'M
DEAFENED BY
THE THUNDER
FROM THE
WORLD
FALLING
APART
AROUND US.



HIS EYES BURN WITH
ANGER AS HE THROWS
HIS FIST FORWARD.



THEN I SEE
NOTHING.

A YEAR.
A CENTURY.
A MILLENNIUM.

STILL
NOTHING.



I DO NOT SEE
TOMORROW.

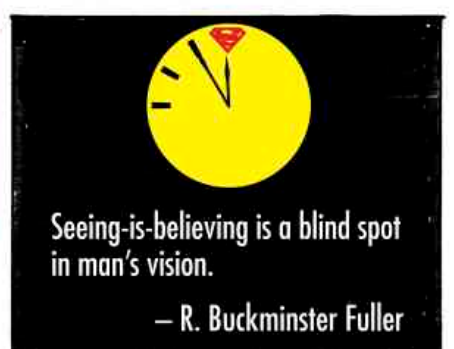


AND I WONDER...
ONE MONTH
FROM NOW...

DOES SUPERMAN
DESTROY ME?



OR DO I DESTROY
EVERYTHING?



Seeing-is-believing is a blind spot
in man's vision.

— R. Buckminster Fuller

VEIDT Adrian Veidt
President and C.E.O.

November 7, 1985

Kelley Popham
Vice President Public Relations and Communications

Dear Kelley,

As you have heard by now my loyal and dear friend Bubastis has died. I had theorized her unique genetics had left her vulnerable to the psychic backlash in Manhattan. After some investigation, I'm sorry to confirm she is indeed one of the victims of the New York Massacre. Gratefully, I do not believe she suffered in any way. However, to say I am devastated by her death would be an understatement. As the world mourns, I too mourn the only family I had.

In honor of Bubastis, Veidt Industries will put every resource it has into saving all endangered species. We will create groundbreaking sanctuaries throughout the world and fund unparalleled research in curing prevalent and painful diseases that affect them. I would also like to find an artist of rising importance to consign a statue of Bubastis; perhaps Jeff Koons as I have enjoyed his work greatly over years.

I have organized a meeting with my executive team to discuss the above. I want press there. Before the meeting, I ask you to speak with our head of the Non-Profit Animal Services Division, Marti Kheel. I am sure you will be as impressed with her as I am.

Love to you and your family,

Adrian Veidt
Adrian Veidt





Tuesday

Wednesday



August 1, 1986

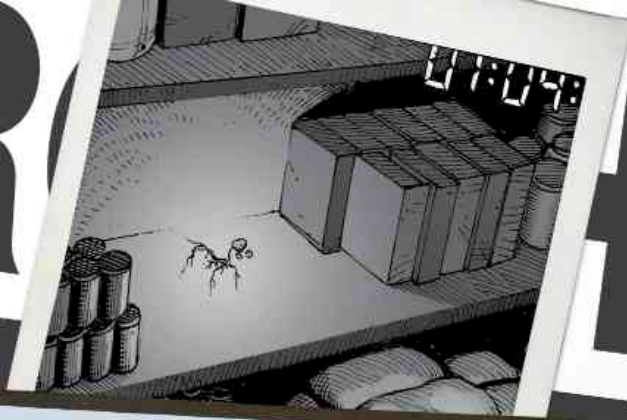
My initial attempts at cloning Bubastis have proven difficult. The DNA in the somatic cells I recovered from her ashy remains had been unexpectedly altered by the intrinsic field subtractor that killed her. The first eggs to be "fertilized" grew quickly, but every fetus died at week 15.

October 4, 1986

I had forgotten the animated series featuring myself and Bubastis was due to premiere this morning. It is a silly cartoon, even sillier in the wake of last year, but it has made me nostalgic for my old friend.

I find myself once again attempting to re-create Bubastis. I have isolated the missing links in her DNA and will search for a compatible animal that might fill them. Although this will take time, I have hope that one day it will prove successful.





March 7, 1992

My most recent attempt to clone Bubastis may not have been a failure after all. Under the guise of our work for animals, there was not a species' DNA I did not have access to. But over the years, none have been successful. Out of desperation, I turned to another source of DNA found within Bubastis's remains—Jon's. I had thought myself foolish, particularly after the fetus detonated. But last night, Karnak's cameras caught a glimpse of a catlike nervous system wandering the halls. I remain optimistic.

March 20, 1992

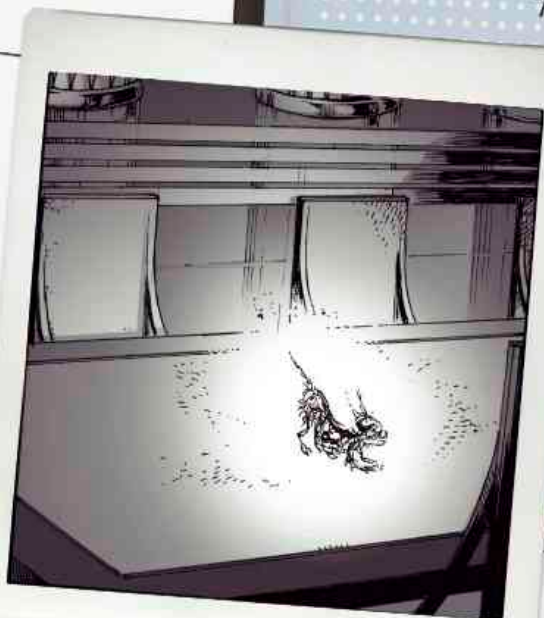
This morning, a circulatory system was caught in the loading docks. I can barely sleep.

March 22, 1992

Bubastis II's skeletal system was spotted last night. I am giddy.

March 31, 1992

At dinner, I felt a wave of static electricity wash over me. I saw a spark at the end of my fork. I heard her cry. Then I saw her. Frightened, up against the wall, under the monitors she once watched alongside me. Bubastis II is here. And she is more beautiful than I ever could have imagined.



Tuesday

Wednesday

Thursday

5

November 18, 1992

The Owlship is now capable of locating and traveling to the universe Jon has retreated to, but once there finding him could prove difficult. Thankfully, I have Bubastis.

Bubastis will function much like the tachyon particles I once used to blur Jon's temporal vision. She gives off a similar energy, though isolated. Jon will not be able to see her or things around her as clearly as the rest of the world. She is a living blind spot.

Bubastis will also lead me to Jon. She will be able to track and collect the tachyon particles Jon himself leaves behind. And once she absorbs enough of them, Jon will be unable to ignore her. He will be drawn to her. To me.

Bubastis is going to help me save the world. And this time I will do anything so that she may live to see it.





"PACKS QUITE A PUNCH." —SYFY WIRE



TM & © DC Comics

THERE'S A NEW SMASH IN TOWN!
TONY S. DANIEL
ROBERT VENDITTI
The new graphic novel collection from the
pages of **DARK NIGHTS: METAL**
SEPTEMBER

GRANT MORRISON
LIAM SHARP

**BEWARE
MY
POWER!**

THE GREEN LANTERN

MONTHLY
Beginning **NOVEMBER**





MY GOD.

WHAT HAPPENED TO YOU?

CHRISELON?

GD ELVEFFU
RZZ

EGKKK
LANTERN--
LANTERRK

RZZ EGKKK
KJJJORDAN
GL 2814.1,
THAT'S
RIGHT.

WE WORKED
TOGETHER,
CHRISELON.

YOU
OKAY?

RVVZ EN ROUTE
EQIFUZ VENTURA TO OA
WITH PRISONERS FOR
PROCESSING--

ACCIDENT IN
OVERSPACE...

...TELL
PROTOCRYSTAL
SOLUTES WE LOVE
THEM VERY
MUCH--

TELL 'EM
YOURSELF.

YOU'RE
NOT
DYING.

I'M
GETTING
YOU OUT OF
HERE.

I'LL NEVER
MAKE IT...I LET
THEM LOOSE...

THREE OF THE
DEADLIEST
KILLERS IN
THE
GALAXY.

IF THEY REACH
POPULATION
CENTERS, THE
DEVASTATION
WILL BE
TERRIBLE!

GIMME
THE CASE
DETAILS AND
TWENTY
MINUTES.

HANG
TIGHT.

I'LL BE
BACK.



IN BRIGHTEST
DAY, IN BLACKEST
NIGHT, NO EVIL
SHALL ESCAPE
MY SIGHT!

LET
THOSE
WHO
WORSHIP
EVIL'S
MIGHT!

BEWARE
MY
POWER!

GREEN LANTERN'S LIGHT!

GRANT MORRISON
WRITER
LIAM SHARP
ARTIST

STEVE OLIFF
COLORIST
TOM ORZECOWSKI
LETTERER
LIAM SHARP & STEVE OLIFF
COVER

FRANK QUITELY
VARIANT COVER
JESSICA CHEN
ASSOCIATE EDITOR
BRIAN CUNNINGHAM
EDITOR



GREEN LANTERN



WE'RE
HOLDING THIS
ENTIRE CITY
HOSTAGE!

UNDERSTAND?

ONE FALSE MOVE
AND THE FINANCIAL
DISTRICT *GETS* IT!

--snrrf?

SPACE
POLICE!

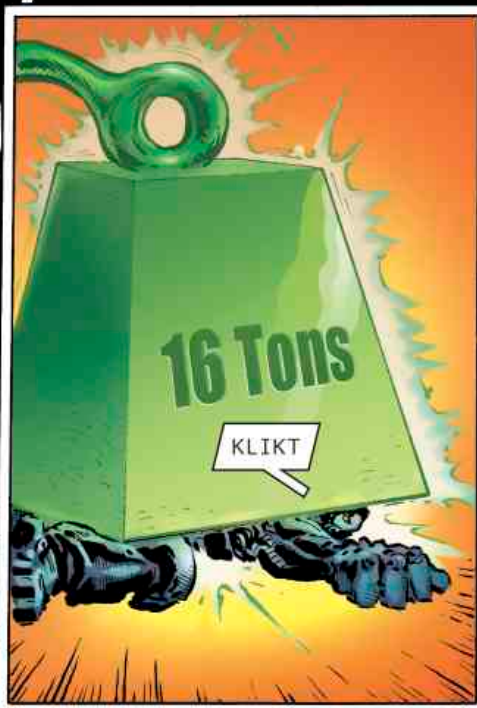


Sneak Preview

NOBODY
PANIC.

CHILL.

I'VE
GOT
THIS.



To be continued in

THE GREEN LANTERN #1

on sale in November



The Last Kryptonian-DCP

